

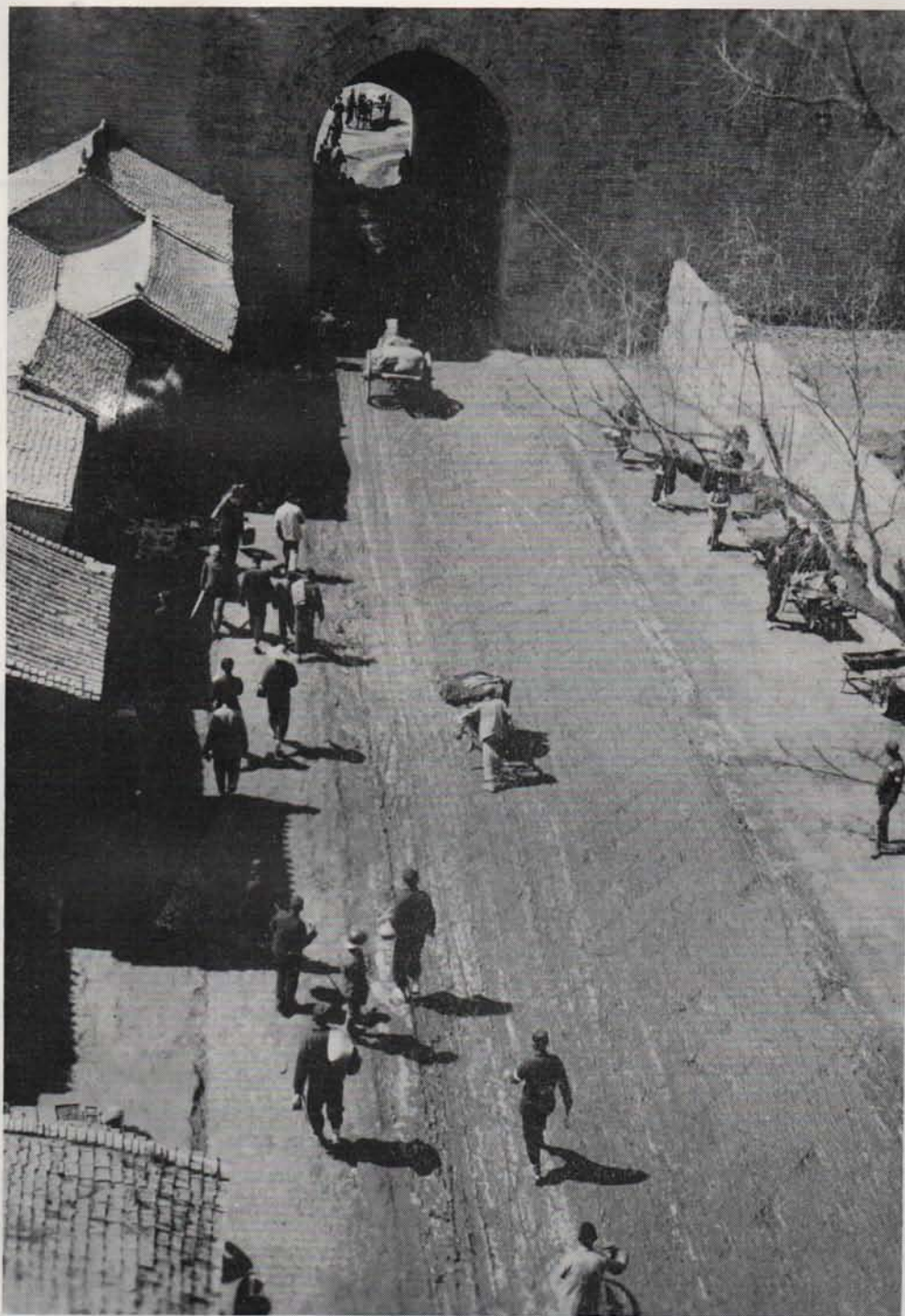


Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

MARCH 1970





TUNNEL through thick wall leads into a north China village. Photo from Dottie Yuen Leuba.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 25, No. 3

March, 1970

EX-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. EX-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer

Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **This month's cover** is of a north China farmer, inspecting his grain field in preparation for harvest. The photo comes from the collection of Dottie Yuen Leuba.

● **Intelligence** sources in Hong Kong report the Red Chinese have stepped up their war preparations by deploying their air force, including fighters and bombers, to the northern frontier areas. The Chinese Red army is reportedly carrying out the biggest recruiting drive on the China mainland since the Korean War. In addition, the Peiping regime is said to be carrying out a crash program to build thousands of bomb shelters. Maoist propaganda has indicated that the object of the war scare is Russia.

● **A campaign** of persecution of teachers has been launched by the Chinese Communists, according to the Free China Weekly. The Taipei paper, taking information from Peiping newspapers, points out that the Maoists are attempting to wipe out the dignity of teachers under the pretext of "establishing a new relationship between teachers and students." Teachers are being forced to learn from students so as to change their "old thoughts." In some cases, teachers have been forced to go to rural areas to receive "re-education."

● **Once again** we ask you for advice in regard to the continuation of Ex-CBI Roundup binders. Be sure to read our message on the back page!

MARCH, 1970



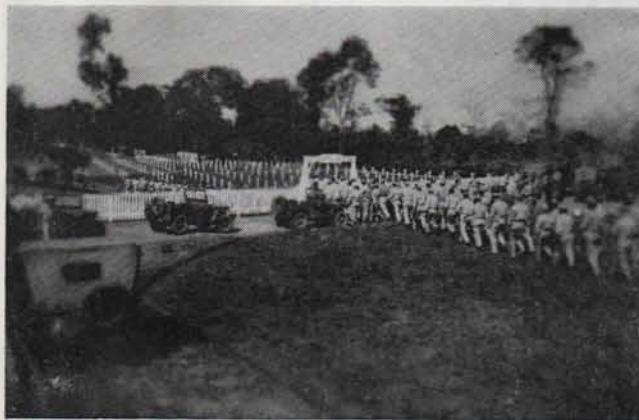
T. J. Fuson

● T. J. Fuson, 58, general manager of the marine department of the Humble Oil & Refining Co., died December 24, 1969, at his home in Houston, Tex., of an apparent heart attack. A petroleum engineering graduate of the University of Oklahoma, he had been head of the marine department since 1968. Fuson was a major in the Army Corps of Engineers during World War II in the China-Burma-India Theater. He had lived in Houston about 25 years, except for a few years when he was area manager for marketing and exploration in New Orleans. Survivors include his wife, two daughters and a son.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by B. Waddell Brantley, Lake Charles, La.)



COMMANDING General of the Chinese 38th Division, Lt. Gen. L. J. Sun, smiles while visiting patients in Lt. Col. Gordon Seagrave's hospital unit. Photo from John O. Aalberg.



SOLDIERS are shown entering military cemetery near Ledo, Assam, for burial of one of their buddies. Photo by Furman H. Tyner, M.D.

48th Evac. Hospital

● Met a friend, Leona Wolf, Lt. Col. Ret., with whom I had served in the Army and she had the October issue of a magazine I knew nothing about. Having been with the 48th Evacuation Hospital in Burma, I am most interested and would like to receive Ex-CBI Roundup.

INEZ D. BOREN,
Winnetka, Ill.

Peers in Vietnam

● The three-star general who was sent to Vietnam to check into the original Army investigation of the alleged American troop massacre of civilians at My Lai, South Vietnam, is a CBI veteran with a 31-year Army career. Lt. Gen. William R. Peers, 55, a native of Iowa, grew up in southern California, attending U.C.L.A. Four years after receiving his Army commission, Peers in May 1942 became responsible for planning and coordinating guerilla operations, espionage and sabotage in northern Burma. With the end of World War II, he organized and sent U.S. teams to several Japanese prisoner of war camps and subsequently led a Chinese commando unit in the occupation of Mankang. He has held various staff and com-

mand positions since that time, and his service included a 21-month stint in Vietnam. Since last March he has been chief of the Army's Office of Reserve Components in the Pentagon. He was the co-author, with Dean Brellis, of the 1963 book, "Behind the Burma Road," which was an account of Detachment 101, Office of Strategic Services, of which he had been commander.

(From newspaper clippings submitted by several Roundup readers.)



COOLIES trot along road near air base at Kweilin, China, carrying heavy loads. American airplanes can be seen in background. Photo from Dottie Yuen Leuba.

Wants CBI Souvenirs

● One of my happiest occasions each year is to renew my subscription to your unmatched magazine. It is a real, distinct pleasure for me to be one of your subscribers; please continue to do the perfect job you are now performing. I am in the market for any items CBers may want to sell, items such as CBI war souvenirs and related material. If any readers have any such items for sale, please communicate with me.

ALFRED J. LEONE,
32 Prince St.,
Middletown, N.Y.

John R. Daley

● John R. Daley, 48, of Hicksville, L.I., N.Y., a salesman for the General Electric Co. in Manhattan, died January 10, 1970. He had lived in Hicksville for 17 years. Daley served with the Air Force during World War II as a corporal with the First Air Commandos in Burma and India. Survivors include his wife and two children.

(From a news item in Newsday, submitted by Walter Pytlowany, Hicksville, L.I., N.Y.)

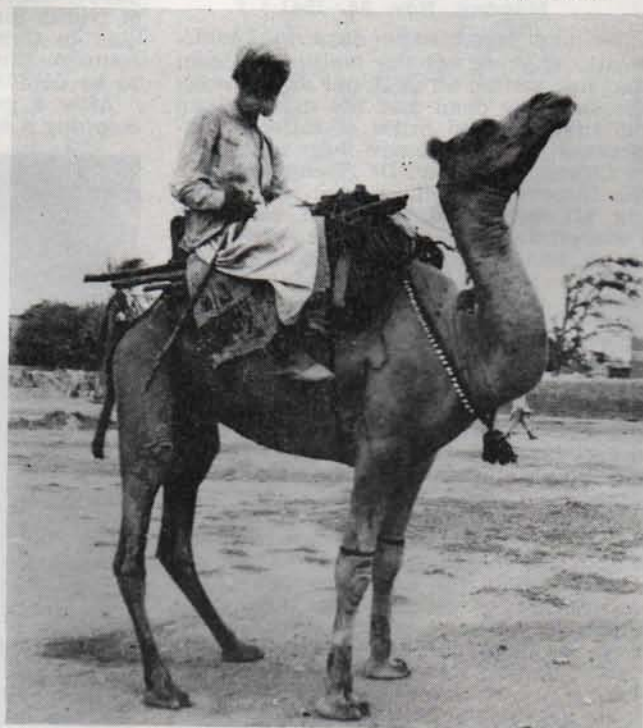


BAZAAR at Karachi in 1945 is a busy place, with some shoppers and more onlookers. Photo by Henry A. Piorkowski.

CBI Service

● Arriving at Kunming in 1943 via the Hump flight from Chabua, Assam, I was first assigned to the I.T.C. (Infantry Training Center) at Kunming. Soon I was assigned to T.I.G. (Traveling Instructional Group) No. 2 at Mitu in southeast Yunnan. In the Y-Force offensive of May 1944, our 11th Army Group ("Group Army") crossed the Salween and Shweli rivers and fought our way to the walled city of Teng-chung which we captured in August 1944. Next we marched by mountain trails to cut the Burma Road below the Japanese holding Tungling. This worked to give us possession of the junction with the Ledo Road from India giving China land contact with the free world. Later I was shifted to the southern front on the Tonkin border where we were fighting even after the surrender of Japan in August of 1945. I was one of the first Americans into Hanoi, after the Japanese surrender. Here I meet and talked with Ho Chi Minh. He was trying to gain American support against the French, and playing down the Communist connections. Next I accompanied the Chinese 53rd Army, which was moved by Navy transports

from Haiphong to Manchuria. Due to Russian pressure, American advisors were withdrawn at Chinwangtao and returned by Navy destroyer to Shanghai. After a tour with the Military Advisory Group in China (MAGIC),



CAMEL RIDER with his steed at Malir, near Karachi, in 1945. Photo by Henry A. Piorkowski.

I returned to the States in July of 1946. Since retirement in 1954, I have done mostly teaching, research and writing. I would be glad to correspond with any ex-CBIers who crossed trails with me,

JOHN H. STODTER,
Colonel (Ret.),
5306 Albermarle St.,
Washington, D.C.

Story of "Freckles"

● Was very much interested in December 1969 issue, especially the story about "Freckles" Brown of Soper, Okla., who is well known here. I was pleased to find out he had been a CBI man and had been in China. I visited with him last Saturday when he was in Oklahoma City; he was pleased to hear about Ex-CBI Roundup.

GEORGE G. PELLINGER,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Lashio to Kunming, 1941

By MAJOR JOHN E. AUSLAND

This is the story of a "before Pearl Harbor" journey from Lashio to Kunming, on the Burma Road. The author has written previous articles for Ex-CBI Roundup, under the name of the "Old Gray Major," but it has been several years since the last of these was published.

The story of this trip is told in six sections, each with a title of its own. Two sections appear in this issue, and others will be published in March and April.

Pictures used with the story were made from 16 mm movie camera film exposed by the author in China. Some detail was lost in the process of converting them into prints.

Our Host Had Three Wives

Monday, Nov. 24, 1941

We had spent some days in Lashio, mostly shaking off the feeling of doom that had settled on us in our days among the sick, the dead and the dying along the first hundred miles of railway construction of the Yunnan-Burma Railway in China, but today, Dr. Tseng Yang-fu, the Director-General, seemed to be feeling all right again. When I said that I wished the War Department would hurry up and send me my jeep, he asked what a jeep might be, and so I explained them—small, four wheel drive, and so on.

"Well," said Dr. Tseng, "I wish they would send you your jigsaw. I would like to ride in it."

Then he added, "We must go over the rest of the railroad. I must see these things for myself. I don't always believe the reports the engineers send me. Sometimes they show in them things they would like to do; things they hope to do. I must see that they are actually doing the things they are writing me about. Maybe the engineers have difficulties. Maybe we can help them solve them. If we can't solve difficulties we have no business being alive—and in particular, we have no business on this job."

To get to the second hundred miles of railway construction in China we had to drive up the Burma Road to Paoshan, then via a road being built from there

to the new railroad at Yunshen (also called Yunchou).

"What time tomorrow morning do you want to leave?" I asked.

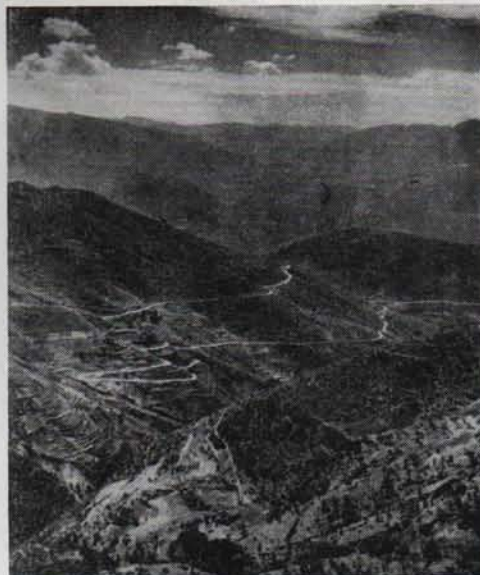
"Oh, sometime between 8:30 and 8:30. Make it flexible."

Tuesday, Nov. 25, 1941

The Chinese chauffeur brought the car to the C.N.A.C. Hostel at 8:30 sharp, and by noon we had reached Kyokuk, which is on the Burma side of the border, showed our passports to the Burmese customs men, then drove across a little river bridge into China at Wanting. We stopped in front of the custom house where a Chinese soldier was on duty. When we got out of the car my companion said, "Tseng Yang-fu." The soldier shouted and the building just disgorged Chinese army officers and civilians who came out, bowed to Dr. Tseng, invited us in to lunch; rice and tea.

Dr. Tseng told them that in a few days Col. Aldrich and his convoy of trucks for the American Military Mission to China would come through, en route to Chungking, and they were not to be delayed for any reason.

After a grand salute, we left at 1:30, stopping a half mile beyond for gasoline.



BURMA ROAD in Salween Gorge, as it looked on November 26, 1941.

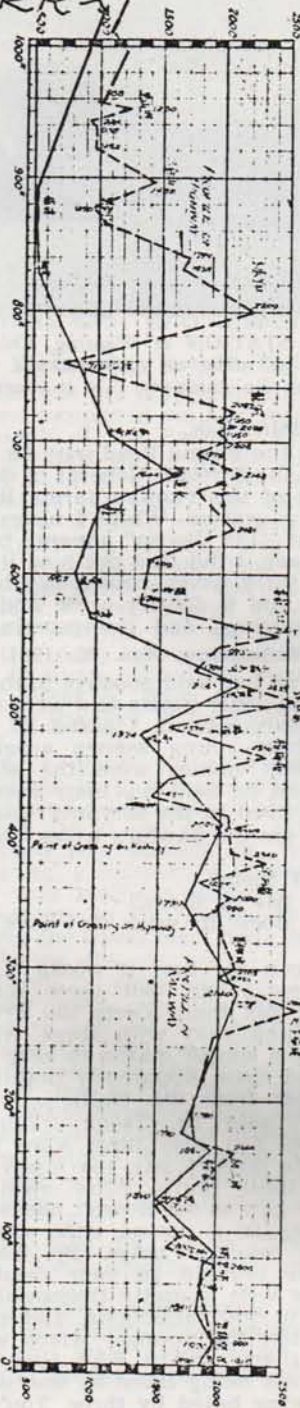
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Lashio via Burma Road

Lashio via RR

剖面圖 比例尺 1:100,000

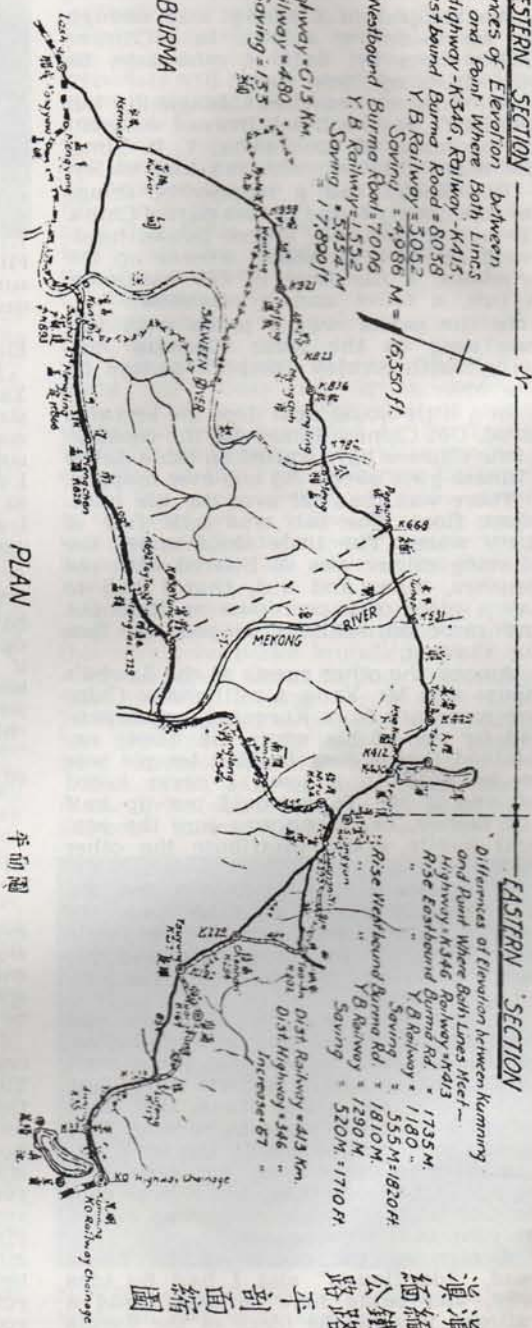
PROFILE



PLAN AND PROFILE OF YUNNAN BURMA RAILWAY AND YUNNAN BURMA HIGHWAY

PLAN

平面圖



WESTERN SECTION

EASTERN SECTION

Differences of Elevation between Border and Point Where Both Lines Meet - Highway - K346, Railway - K415.
Rise Eastbound Burma Road = 8058
Y B Railway = 3052
Savings = 4986 M. = 16,550 ft.

Rise Westbound Burma Road = 7006
Y B Railway = 4352
Savings = 17800 ft.

Dist Highway = 615 Km.
Railway = 480
Savings = 135

Differences of Elevation between Humung and Point Where Both Lines Meet - Highway - K346, Railway - K415.
Rise Eastbound Burma Rd. = 1735 M.
Y B Railway = 1180
Savings = 555 M. = 1820 ft.

Rise Westbound Burma Rd. = 1290 M.
Y B Railway = 520 M. = 1710 ft.

Dist Highway = 415 Km.
Railway = 346
Savings = 67

滇緬鐵路剖面縮圖

While this was China, a Burman manned the pump. That is, he sat on a stool across the road, collected the money and told our driver, "Do it yourself." I'll mention that to Foo Shin Haw who owns the station when I get back to Lashio.

We stopped in Chefang long enough for me to deliver a letter to a Chinese doctor from Dr. Balfour, who says he will drive up here soon.

By dark we reached Mangshih, but we didn't go to a hotel. Instead we went to the home of the Sawba, Y. C. Fong, the tribal chieftain who ran that valley.

The Sawba had a number of things not commonly found in that part of China. He had a two-story stucco house, hardwood floors, a fireplace, screens on the windows, a tile floor in the bathroom, a tub, a toilet and a washbowl.

In the parlor was a piano with just one song on the rack; "Captain January," with Shirley Temple's picture on the cover.

In a little house next door the servants lived. Old Chinese ladies did the cooking. Little Chinese boys waited on table. Little Chinese girls swept. No one ever mopped.

There was mud all over the tile bathroom floor. The tub was half full of dirty water. The little shelf under the shaving mirror was so littered with old brushes, tubes and dirt, that I had to lay a piece of paper down on it to put my razor on, while I soaped my face for shaving.

Among the other guests at the Sawba's house was Mr. Yang, a millionaire Chinese merchant from Kunming, accompanied by two of his wives. Dr. Tseng explained that a new Buddhist temple was to be built in a town I never heard of, and if Mr. Yang would put up half the money, Dr. Tseng was sure the general public would contribute the other half.

There was a long discussion, but Mr. Yang finally said that if he made 100 million Chinese dollars in 1941, he would give 30 million for the temple, and this would make any contribution by the public unnecessary.

Another guest was Dr. Yah, who told me that in this beautiful valley surrounded by majestic mountains, there were 18 different kinds of malaria mosquitos, and while one would think that they would keep the screens tight shut, they swung open and shut with the wind.

A clock in every room, but each indicating a different time, but it was easy to tell what time it was. You looked at your own wrist watch.

A sign on the corner of the house read, "Ida House," and I had no idea why, and being here to help build a railroad to take the place of the Burma



FILLING STATION at Wanting, China. The attendant sat under an umbrella and serviced trucks with the statement, "Do it yourself."

Road, I didn't ask.

Riding the Burma Road with Dr. Tseng Yang-fu, the Director General of the construction of the Yunnan-Burma Railway was an education. While I never found out what "Ida House" meant, because I didn't ask, I did find out how it works to have three wives, principally because I asked, and it doesn't work, and that's worth knowing, and remembering.

Wednesday, Nov. 26, 1941

When we had said goodbye to the Sawba and his other guests and were driving up the Burma Road, I asked Dr. Tseng if the three young women around the house with babies were the servants' wives, and he said no, their wives and children lived in the servants' quarters.

"They are the Sawba's wives," he added.

"All of them?"

"Sure. All of them."

"How does it work to have three wives?"

"You can see how it works."

"I know I can. But there must be more to this than meets the eye. You would think that with three wives it would be a simple matter to keep things spick and span. Apparently nothing can be farther from the truth."

"Well", said Dr. Tseng, "You have one wife. You also have some faults. Your wife doesn't pay too much attention to these faults. After awhile she probably gets so she doesn't notice them. You bring in a second wife, and they start to compare notes. By the time you have brought in your third wife, your first wife is pretty thoroughly supplanted in your affections, and she begins to tell the younger wives what a heel you are, and it isn't long before you are not being loved by one woman; you're being hated by three. You're just

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a dub working for them, and the real ruler of the roost is your first wife. It doesn't work. I've only got one wife."

Then I said, "Dr. Tseng, I always understood that when a man had more than one wife, and had honored guests, such as we are, it was polite for him to offer one to each of his guests for the duration of their stay."

"Don't you believe it," said Dr. Tseng. "When a man has more than one wife he has them because he likes women, and he keeps them for himself, and not to lend to you."

Take Two of Your Known Criminals Out and Shoot Them

Wednesday, Nov. 26, 1941

By the time my polygamous education had been completed we had reached the south bank of the Salween River, one of the greatest sights in all the world. The south rim is about 5,000 feet above the level of the river; the north bank about 4,300. While it's only a few miles across from rim to rim, and possibly 40 miles of driving down into the gorge and up the other side, and we started down at 1:30 p.m. it was almost dark when we reached the north rim, and long after dark when we reached the city of Paoshan, where we went to the "Grand Hotel of Nam Yang," so described on the door in both Chinese and English.

We were given separate bedrooms, then shown to a private dining room in which was a table about 20 feet long. Dr. Tseng sat at one end; I sat at the other. Food was brought in. While we were eating, a number of Chinese army officers and civilians came in to pay their respects to Dr. Tseng. As it was long after the usual meal hour they talked while we ate.

Bill Dunn, a news reporter for CBS, had come down over the Burma Road a few days ago. He had been held up and robbed. Dr. Tseng sent for the magistrate in charge of the police on that section of the Burma Road, and said to him, "What have you done about this American who was robbed in your area?"

The magistrate didn't seem too concerned and replied, "We cannot find the guilty men," thinking that would end it.

"Then," said Dr. Tseng, "Take two of your known criminals out and shoot them."

The magistrate left, looking non-plus-ed, but two known criminals were shot.

When we were alone again I said, "You can't do that. You can't shoot just anyone."

"We don't shoot just anyone," replied Dr. Tseng. "Only known criminals."

"But that won't stop crime," I said. "When the men who committed this robbery see how easy it is, and that someone else is punished for it, they'll just go out and rob someone else."

"Don't you believe it," said Dr. Tseng. "When a government is weak, and no one is punished for a crime, then the criminals will repeat. But when a government is strong, and two known criminals are shot for every crime, not only will they not commit any more robberies but they'll try to keep others from doing so, because they're afraid that the next time they might get shot. You can be sure that there won't be any more robberies on the Burma Road for some months to come."

And there wasn't.

This morning my polygamous education had been completed by the time we had reached the Salween River. Tonight my ideas on crime prevention, which were pretty slim to start with, had been expanded by Dr. Tseng Yang-fu, the Director-General on the construction of the Yunnan-Burma Railway.

On the seven miles of main street in the town where I live, there are more killings and holdups every month than there are on the 700 miles of the Burma Road.

On our seven miles the victims pay, and die. If our criminals were punished, this would be police brutality.

We had spent about an hour at Lunling this morning looking for a man that Dr. Tseng wanted to see, but not finding him we drove on to Lamont for lunch, fried chicken and rice. Delicious.

The worst part of the Burma Road is the drive down into the gorge of the Salween River. When you are on the



NORTH end of the Salween River bridge, with trucks on road in background.

side that hugs the bluff you feel pretty safe, but when you are on the outside, and you see a big truck bearing down on you, and he could, if he wished, or even a little careless, push you off into nowhere, then the ride is a thriller, and no mistake. We saw several collisions, but none too serious, but from the number of trucks you can see turned over at the bottom of all the canyons, we were just plain lucky.

The Japanese held the entire coast line of China, so that the rivers, normally used for traffic, are blocked by the enemy, and about everything has to come by way of the scenic, romantic Burma Road, which is hell on trucks, and about 40 per cent of the cargo is gasoline drums that take the truck from Lashio to Kunming, then back to Lashio for another load.

What if everything entering the U.S. had to come by road, in trucks, and all driving down into the Grand Canyon, and up the other side?

These Chinese truck drivers on the Burma Road would be amusing if it wasn't so serious. When some dust gets into the carburetor a driver will stop right in the middle of the road and

begin taking the engine apart. And to save gasoline, (and it does) they shut off their motor going down hill, and burn up the brakes. In a town they like, they conveniently lose some necessary part of the engine, but they find it again in a few days, of all places, right in their own pocket.

When a truck is assigned to a Chinese truck driver it becomes, for all practical purposes, his property, and no one else can touch it. About the only way to get it away from him is to shoot him; so you let him keep it.

They seem to like to park at a blind spot in the road, and when in a town they park two or three wide, rather than in a line. And when they have a small collision, which is frequently, they get out and spend a lot of time scolding each other, before they see what, if any damage was done. Meanwhile, the trucks back of them keep piling up.

If those Americans who hate traffic cops could see how it works here where there are no traffic cops, they would walk right up to the first one they see in the U.S. and either kiss the brute, or give him a cigar, as the case may be.



AUXILIARY airfield at Chengkung, about six miles south of Kunming, China, on east bank of Tien Ch'ik Lake, in April 1944. (ATC photo).

CBI DATELINE

From The Statesman

NEW DELHI—The Assam Hill State is expected to be formed during the first half of 1970. Action is being taken under the Constitution Amendment Bill, which enables the Government to form a new state.

GAUHATI—Three headhunting incidents in the Tuensang district of Nagaland several months ago have now been confirmed. The toll was 11 heads. Headhunting is illegal, and has been so even in Tuensang since the administration was extended to that district in 1948. Villages in the area are not of easy access, being on the upper slopes of the 13,000-ft. high Saramethi peak on the Burma border. Victims in the recent incidents were men of the underground who had come back from China and lost their way while crossing the border around Saramethi peak. They demanded food, but the Yim-chung tribesmen did not understand them. In the quarrel that followed they lost their heads.

NEW DELHI—The Government of India is considering the possibility of taking over flood control work in respect to the Brahmaputra and its tributaries in Assam, and in parts of North Bengal ravaged by the Ganga. Although flood control is essentially a state subject, except for a periodic grant of loans, control of the Brahmaputra and its tributaries is considered a special case in view of its huge dimensions and the peculiarities of the problem.

NEW DELHI—Abolition of the ceiling on tourist charter flights into the country has now been welcomed by the tourist trade. Until now the Government had allowed the operation of just 52 charters annually; now the travel operators will be free to sponsor as many charters as they can. Local arrangements for charter passengers have to be made through Indian travel agents approved by the Department of Tourism.

NEW DELHI—Palam airport is being given the necessary face-lift and facilities necessary to handle jumbo jet traffic. This involves extension of runways to 12,500 feet, acquisition of 4,000 acres of additional land, a new block to handle arrival of international traffic, air route surveillance radar, and a residential colony for airport employees. A complete new terminal complex is also being planned.

MARCH, 1970

CALCUTTA—The vast green expanse of the Calcutta Maidan has attracted a few refugee organizations which have planned to build overnight squatters' colonies for refugees, not only on the Maidan but also in the city's parks. Police have been ordered to be on the alert against any move to occupy the Maidan or the parks.

PURULIA—The Ranchi-Asansol passenger train was held up for about four hours as a wild elephant squatted on the railway track. In spite of the whistle being blown, the elephant refused to budge. It finally disappeared in a nearby forest. Another incident of a squatting elephant took place there a few days earlier. It is understood that two wild elephants, who were displaced from Murguma jungle area, owing to the execution of an irrigation project and construction of a big dam, had taken shelter in the Jonha forest.

CALCUTTA—A party of 29 tourists, including 12 women, arrived in Calcutta by overland London-Calcutta-London bus service. Among the tourists, mostly Australians, were a Ceylonese and a Japanese. They were from different walks of life. The tour, organized by the Sun-downers Limited, London, is like one of the 10 others brought to the city where the tourists are looked after by Panurge Company, agents of the London firm. Most of the tourists were to leave by air or sea. The bus on the return journey was to carry 25 passengers of different nationalities for the USA, Australia, New Zealand and other countries.

BHUBANESWAR—A group of about 255 people armed with lathes were alleged to have beaten up eight teachers who were holding a "relay dharna" in front of the Education Minister's residence. The teachers were demanding equalization of salaries of non-Government and college teachers with that of their counterparts in Government institutions, service security and pension benefits. The minister told reporters he had a feeling that the agitators might have indulged in the acts themselves to attract public attention.

KATHMANDU—The Government of Nepal has decided to install a large portrait of King Mahendra on the Nepalese side of the "Friendship Bridge" separating Nepal from Tibet. Reports are that directives of the King will be inscribed below the portrait at a cost of Rs 10,000. The portrait and a gate to be installed at the Kodari point in Nepal on the Kathmandu-Lhasa Highway built by China will thus face one of Mr. Mao Tse-tung placed immediately after the bridge. This portrait too has Chinese slogans inscribed below.



ARTISTIC late afternoon silhouette of a P-40, the plane made famous by General Claire Chennault's Flying Tigers, was made by a CBI veteran . . . but not in China. Senator Barry



Goldwater (Major General, Ret.) took this picture at the Yuma Army Air Field, Yuma, Arizona in 1943.

MARCH, 1970

Social Life in India

By NIRAD C. CHAUDHURI
From The Statesman

I have long since come to hold that we modern Indians have no social life. Whatever traditional hospitality existed among us has virtually disappeared, and this is most marked within that very framework of human relations where in old times it was most generous: namely, the framework created by blood and marriage relationships. According to the testimony, almost unanimous, of all my acquaintances, partly supported by my own observation, cold-shouldering of close relatives by close relatives has become a painful phenomenon, and it saddens me to hear that this is most common among upper-class Bengalis. While the old social life is perishing the void created by its disappearance is not being filled up by an alternative form of human intercourse based on the friendliness of unrelated persons.

I have even been led to question whether, taken as a people, we have any capacity for social life. I lived for thirty-two years in Calcutta. During these years I was made to realize the cruel truth of the saying, current both in Greek and Latin, that a great city is a great desert. I led the same solitary life during the first ten years of my stay in Delhi.

Then, with the publication of my autobiography, a new kind of life opened up for me. Foreigners in Delhi began to take interest in me, and asked me to their houses. It was in these that for the first time I saw at first-hand that Western social life which I had read about. As Western social custom does not leave out the wife, social life was made all the more happy for me. The old loneliness has been so handsomely made up for us that it has created in both my wife and me an attachment to Delhi, which fellow-Bengalis do not understand.

This social life was enough for the time and inclination I had for it, and on my own initiative I should not have sought its extension. During my recent visit to Calcutta I played the frogman round the wreck, and this diving has given me the idea that with more vitality and some disinterested love for fellow-men, including women, our social life might be reconstructed out of the ruin into which it has fallen. The obstacles are formidable, for they spring out of the social life as practised and its spirit.

Nonetheless, it would seem to me that a better social life can be brought into existence.

I have a genuine horror of "intellectual conversation" at social gatherings. In India, and among us Bengalis more especially, it always degenerates into altercations between doctrinaires or into competitions to show familiarity with the grist-to-the-mill found in the literary journalism of London, Paris, or New York. I avoid all that like poison.

It must not be inferred from this, however, that my conception of social life excludes wanderings towards the higher reaches of the mind. Supposing you are having social life in the Western manner, you may of course bring in Plato, Kant, Sartre, or Malraux as you please, but you must also talk a little about your hostess's china and glass, without in any way implying that Kant has been above her head. In good social life all topics, provided they are civilized, have almost equal status, and what matters is not the subject but how one treats it. Here conversation is not a journey towards a destination, but only sauntering.

Conversation has to be the mainstay of social life for the simple reason that it is through talking that we can fulfill its main purpose, which is human intercourse. But essential as it is, it is still the means—the end being the meeting of personality, character, temperament, and sensibility, in which our thoughts, feelings, and sense perceptions are brought into play at their lightest and yet keenest.

This end, to my thinking, is realized as much in large parties composed of casual acquaintances or even strangers as in intimate meetings of old friends. I am not one of those superior persons who hold cocktail parties in contempt, looking upon them as barren or at best as very tryingly kaleidoscopic places of foregathering, because of the strangers one has to meet in them; which is no argument, for even our most intimate friends must at one time have been strangers to us. These large gatherings will be only what we make of them: if not anything better, they can be as good places to collect new friends from as the slave-markets of Istanbul were for beautiful slaves or New Market for race horses.

But they do offer more immediate enjoyment. For one thing, in them one can see the external expression of social life in appearance and behaviour at its

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

widest and most varied—where one can admire beauty of body or air, hear voices remarkable either for sweetness or refinement, look on elegance of clothes or deportment. What is more these parties are schools for training in sociability, for in them we have to treat strangers as friends. So, in them we see social sympathy in widest commonalty spread, or at least should.

So, it will be seen that my conception of social life is modest, for it makes no demands on what we have though it does make some on what we are. Interest, wonder, sympathy, and love, the first two leading to the last two, are the psychological prerequisites for social life; and the need for the first two must not be underrated. In sum, social life is a function of vitality.

It is tragic, however, to observe that it is these very natural springs of social life which are drying up among us. It is becoming more and more difficult to come across fellow-feeling for human beings as such in our society,—and in all its strata. In the poor middle-class, in the course of all my life, I have hardly seen any social life properly so-called. Not only has the grinding routine of making a living killed all desire for it in them, it has also generated a standing mood of peevish hostility to other human beings. Increasing economic distress in recent years has infinitely worsened this state of affairs, and has also brought a sinister addition, class hatred. This has become the greatest collective emotional enjoyment of the poor middle-class, and indeed they feel most social when they form a pack and snarl or howl at people who are better off than they.

Their most innocent exhibition of sociability is seen when they spill out from their intolerable homes into the streets and bazaars. I was astonished to see the milling crowds in the poor suburbs of Calcutta. But even there a group of flippant young loafers would put on a conspiratorial look if they saw a man in good clothes passing them by either on foot or in a car.

The situation is differently inhuman, but not a whit more human, among the well-to-do. Kindliness for fellow human beings has been smothered in them, taken as a class, by the arrogance of worldly position, which among the Bengalis who show this snobbery is often only a third-class position. When these people throw large parties these are either the traditional wedding feasts or buffet meals in the Western style. Through them they try to discharge their social duty wholesale but what they actually do is to give an exhibition of self-importance or class hauteur. It is the consensus of

all sensitive and cultured persons that the only effect left in them by such parties is a painful recollection of invidious treatment, both by fellow-guests and by the host and hostess. It would seem that such social gatherings are used only to assert the superiority of some over others, and to establish a peck order in company.

I was once inveigled into joining one such party in New Delhi, which will certainly be my last participation in them. It was a party to say goodbye to a well-known figure of the city who was going abroad. I have been to many such receptions held by foreigners in New Delhi, and at them I have invariably found the host and hostess as well as the chief guest and his wife standing near the door and receiving the other guests. But in that party the chief guest arrived late with his family, remained for a short while in his own circle, and then moved to the buffet. When the other guests took this to be the opening of the meal and went forward, they were turned back by the host and asked to wait until the chief guest and his friends had eaten. After eating these people left, without considering about thirty others who had been asked expressly to meet the important person. What surprised me most was that none else thought this to be an outrageously discourteous exhibition of self-importance; some even found extenuation for such behaviour.

This kind of parties make those who have sensibility and culture but cannot refuse the invitations, put on a sort of protective armour. They behave figuratively like tortoises afraid of hostile animals. They withdraw their neck into the shell and wait cautiously. If the exploratory gestures have been reassuring, there comes out of the formidable shell a very engaging person indeed, just like the prince out of his beastly form in the fable.

Small and informal parties which have been arranged or have resulted from chance visiting are even worse, for in them the unpleasantness becomes concentrated instead of being diffused as at large parties. It has become virtually impossible for people of equal culture but differing worldly position to meet on a footing of friendliness. I have heard of the wife of a Bengali of good social position living in one of the prestige quarters of New Delhi in a good house being received with reptilian coldness by the wife of another Bengali in a higher official position. In fact, it is out of the question for a person of average social position to visit a person of above-average position except only to "pay respects" or have darshan. Even when a caller has been given an appoint-

ment it is usual to keep him waiting, and if a good-natured friend of the important person draws attention to the fact that somebody is waiting, the standard reply is: "Let him wait. Who is he?"

This type of behaviour was brought home to me when I was in Calcutta by some very unexpected remarks. Even when some visitors came with a previous appointment, they asked me to pay no attention to them if I was otherwise busy and to keep them waiting as long as I liked, and upon a second visit they told me that their curious friends had asked if I had talked to them. To withhold kathamrita, or nectar of speech, is recognized as a means of asserting one's importance.

But it would be wrong to assume that even a gathering of those who admit one another's equality would be pleasant. In them, perhaps the most innocent and friendly thing is the lading out of smut, which becomes more salacious among the "England-returned" ones, who have been able to shed either their "ingenuous shame" or Hindu prudery through their stay abroad. For the rest, there is personal gossip of the most sordid or arid kind, and, above all, malice against the absent—justifying the French proverb: *Les absents ont toujours tort*.

The blighting effect of such malice on social life can be easily imagined. □

Hong Kong's 'Tsips' Won't Lose Rating

By RICHARD WEEKS

The London Sunday Mirror

The concubine has seldom fitted entirely comfortably into the family structure. However well-recognized her status she has tended to fall foul of her natural rival—the legal wife.

Except, of course, in Hong Kong, where, for the last 126 years concubines have enjoyed respectable legal status under the Sino-British Treaty of 1843. A man can have three or four of them, the arrangement works remarkably well.

Now, alas, all that is to be changed. The colonial government has finally decided to outlaw concubines, thus disavowing its pledge to preserve for all Chinese residents the marriage codes of the Ching dynasty.

After 16 years of desultory legal sparring, a couple of learned reports and flurry of white papers, a draft bill to "outlaw" these charming creatures, to deny the legitimacy and to remove the automatic right of succession of their offspring has been published.

When the question of abolition of concubinage was first raised in the colony 16 years ago, the most honored Chinese lawyer in Hong Kong history, the eminent Sir Man Kam Lo protested warmly that polygamy was sanctioned by "immemorial Chinese law." His opposition aroused general approval.

But today few seem to care very much.

The Chinese do not use the brutal word "concubine." They prefer the light, delicate word "tsip" (pronounced something like "tea-sip"). The No. 1 legal wife is known as the tsai.

The modern tsai, as the ruler of a

perfectly respectable and harmonious harem, knows that she is always in control of the household. Many Chinese wives in Hong Kong prefer their husbands to take other "wives." A Chinese husband who has several wives is clearly a successful man, like a Western man with several cars. It is another way of keeping up with the Wongs.

"Naturally, I would hope that my husband, who works too hard at the office, kept his tsips here at our home, rather than in separate establishments, which can become very expensive," a charming and respectable Chinese wife once told me.

"Besides, they might then be unknown to me. Why, I introduced his second tsip to him. A lovely, stupid girl. He likes her now much better than the first tsip, whom he selected himself. He is a very intelligent man, but he needs a wife's guidance. Men are often so helpless in domestic matters."

In the happier Hong Kong days which are now ending, there was no formal ceremony for a "marriage" with a tsip. When a tsai received a tsip into the house and the tsip served her tea, the union was established and legally binding.

"We will be as bad as the Communists now," a Hong Kong tycoon with Rotarian affiliations complained. "The British government boasts that it is building a permissive society. Why unload these morality laws on us Chinese?"

But the abolition, most here agree, will be more apparent than real. No one expects the little tsips to lose their appeal and their jobs—only their union cards. □

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Do You Remember When?

By JOHN W. LEE (written 1945)

Do you remember when that big old plane
Took off from the 36th street station
Winging its way oe'r the ocean blue
With stops in every nation
There were sixty of us on the shipment that day
Bound for - - - no one knew where
Most of us thinking of families at home
But some with nary a care
After four miles out, we heard somebody shout
All right you guys - - - open your orders
So we opened the pouch and checked the list
We were headed for India's borders
Puerto Rico, Guiana, two stops in Brazil
Ascension, the Gold Coast, Nigeria and still
We kept flying all day and most of the night
Then Egypt and Mesiera came into sight
Across Arabia and the Indian Ocean
We all were watching for shore
Never once thinking our plane might go down
But two down was the actual score
Karachi, the beautiful sea coast port
Karachi, land of strong drink
But the one thing I remember most of all
Was Karachi, the land of stink
Now here they told us, you ain't there yet
My heart took a terrible thump
You are heading they said, to the land of Cathay
And you're flying over the hump
So up we went and over the hump
It wasn't too much of a thing
Soon down came the plane and it came to rest
On the airfield in China, Kunming
Ne-hoa-ma pungyo, ding-hoa, si-hui
Here we were the foreign men
This was the place we exchanged our dough
One dollar gold got us ten
Then on to Kweilin in a month or two
Surely this new place would be nice
But when we got there the cupboard was bare
And we started right in eating rice
So we built a new camp for the Chinese boys
To teach them to shoot their own guns
Then we practiced ourselves for several weeks
This part of our work was our fun
The classes came in, what a horrible mess
With malaria and bad dengue fever
They'd stare at us and we'd gawk at them
They really made me a believer
These brave little guys were fighting fools
They learned well, but couldn't teach others
The Japs chased them all to Formosa I guess
So now they are fighting their brothers
One day in Kweiyang, I was eating foo-yang
When a Chinese almost ran me over
They've done it, he said, the Japs are all dead
They've dropped a big bomb - - - the war's over
So back home we came, by boat and by plane
Those experiences we all will remember
We've had Christmas in China three times alone
But thank God, we'll be home this December

Mixed Cultures in Taiwan

BY BARBARA HALL
From the Taiwan Times

The visitor to Taiwan is likely to be woken early by the rattle of explosions. But this is not the long threatened invasion by Chairman Mao: it is the sound of a traditional Chinese firecracker ceremony. Any happy occasion—a birth, a wedding or the opening of a council session at the Municipal Centre—is heralded in this way. Thousands of red firework strings are set off, scaring such demons as might be in the neighbourhood.

Looking out of the window at the ever-growing number of multi-storey hotels in Taiwan's capital, you may see a cluster of barrage balloons tethered to a roof. Nor has this anything to do with the military defense of Chiang Kai-shek's last redoubt. The balloons advertise a patent cough medicine.

Below in the street an old man pedals by. On the front of his bicycle he has rigged up a large and complicated fan to stir the humid air. This is one of the many small revelations of the way the Chinese can take a most mundane western device such as a bicycle and discover new possibilities in it.

It is absurd to pretend that Taipei, the capital, is a beautiful city. It is a hotchpotch of the most modern American-influenced architecture, traditional temples and heavy Victorian-type administrative buildings left over from the years of Japanese occupation.

Everywhere in Taipei there is a sense of contrast between the Chinese way of life and the Americanism that has been instilled over the past two decades. In these years, the United States has brought the country a long way. Over dinner, guests speak casually of their college careers and business trips in America. Their wives wear the traditional cheong-sam but take a full and confident share in all discussions in the manner of their American contemporaries.

One level at which the contrast between the different cultures becomes most apparent is eating. Every meal can give a westerner cause for thought.

A normal Chinese breakfast could consist of a soft-fried egg in batter (to be eaten with chopsticks, which is no mean feat), and long crisp sticks of what look like barley sugar but are in fact a pig's giblets; this with a bowl of rice and a glass of mint tea. The mint is not our familiar garden mint, but has more the flavour of spinach.

Civil servants and teachers have low

salaries compared with their counterparts in America, even though Taiwan boasts of its standards of living against almost everywhere else in Asia. A free rice ration is included with their monthly salaries, and when teachers marry they can take three days paid leave and a free honeymoon at the teachers' hostel beside Sun-Moon Lake, which is Taiwan's mountain beauty spot.

However severe they may find the salaries, teachers and pupils have an earnest devotion in Taiwan to the task of self-improvement. Open-air classes continue until midnight for girls learning embroidery or tailoring. University students attend late-night "crammers" and trainee cooks bend over stoves in schools that never close, working a day and night rota of classes. An hotel cook can earn as much money as the hotel manager and is said to have equal prestige.

In prison, large notice boards proclaim, "This prison is a school" and all the inmates spend half their day attending compulsory education classes.

For the children, there are many modern kindergartens and schools. Most parents need to work, and the babies go in two by two, in double wicker prams. The infants, boys and girls alike, wear white pinafores at school, with coloured paper handkerchiefs in a big pocket across the stomach. School transport—a large cage on wheels—picks up children in the streets each morning. When they have all climbed into the cage, they are locked in for safety by a teacher.

Education follows the American pattern, with saluting-the-flag ceremonies each morning. But un-American equipment is the gallon-sized teapot for dispensing green tea to the children.

Good pupils—those getting high marks—are rewarded with free tickets to the Children's Theatre and Cinema. Bad ones stand in a corner. Teachers are forbidden by law to strike them. By Chinese tradition, to misbehave is a shameful thing, and the tradition is still effective.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek has taken personal responsibility for a school and orphanage for "children of the army martyrs". It is a showplace and the children recite their lessons with aplomb, in front of foreign visitors on government-sponsored tours. The atmosphere there is kindly and peaceful, and every effort is made to preserve individuality. In the school register, each child's photograph is beside his name. Every child has a party dress as well as an ordinary one, and each is different. The school

is financed entirely by private donations solicited by Madame Chiang from her friends in America and overseas. Not the smallest sum is spent without her personal authorization.

Although schooling is a solemn matter, the Taiwan children are spurred on to sell lottery tickets. Every Saturday, schoolgirls in their prim black skirts and white blouses set up easels along the streets. High school children are authorized by the Government to help run the lotteries and the money they earn

helps to pay for their food during the week at school. They do well, for the Chinese are great gamblers.

In the fifties the very survival of Taiwan, so close to the mainland, seemed a gamble in itself. Now, the memories of war are dim and the anxious military Americans a little less evident. But they have left one other heritage—Taipei probably has more nightclubs and “girlie-bars” than any other place in the Far East, with the exception of Saigon, of course. □

BOOK REVIEWS



A HORSE AND TWO GOATS. By R. K. Narayan. Viking Press, Inc., New York. January 1970. \$4.50.

This is a collection of five stories, all set in contemporary India, designed to amuse the reader even as they highlight some less familiar aspects of the human condition. They are all slightly off-beat in content, as the author contrasts, yet blends, the ancient with today's world. One describes an encounter of an old Indian and a visiting American, in which one misunderstanding leads to another.

MY SEARCH FOR A THIRD WAY: My Path Between East and West. By Heinz Brandt. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y. January 1970. \$6.95.

The author, now a resident of Frankfurt, Germany, tells of his harsh experiences as a Jew, Socialist and trade-unionist who, interned in Nazi Germany during the war, worked for Ulbricht's East German regime after the war. He defected to the West in 1958, was kidnapped and taken back in 1961. Brandt was released from an East German prison, where he was serving a 13-year sentence for his defection, after intervention by Bertrand Russell and others.

CHINA AFTER THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION. Edited by Dick Wilson. Random House, Inc., New York. January 1970. \$7.95.

This is a collection of 14 essays about contemporary China, written by authors largely based around the world in the British Commonwealth, and appeared in the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists. They call China's Cultural Revolution a “second liberation, this time from the

Communist party.” They describe China's political struggles, her economy, her current lack of any clear foreign policy, and most impressively her prodigious scientific development. It is their feeling that the West has misguessed the meaning of the Cultural Revolution, and can no longer afford to sell China short.

INDIA YESTERDAY AND TODAY. Edited by Clark D. Moore and David Eldridge. **JAPAN YESTERDAY AND TODAY.** Edited by Ray F. Downs. Bantam Books, New York. February 1970. Paperback, 95c.

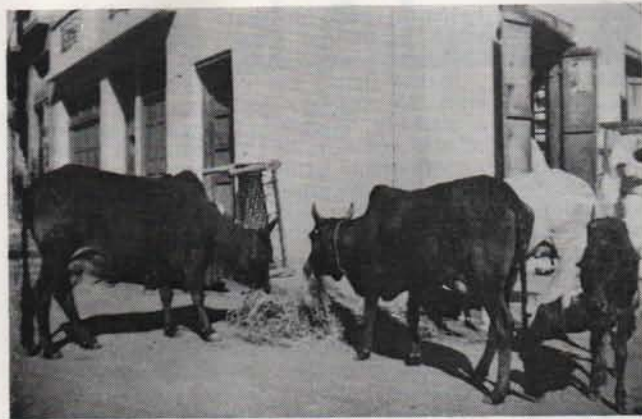
These are reference books in the same series as “Africa Yesterday and Today,” the George School Readings on Developing Lands. The two anthologies are compact introductions to the history and culture of India and Japan. Selections are short, and focus on the high points of history. Edwin O. Reischauer and Donald Keene are the most quoted sources in the volume on Japan, and the India book contains a sprinkling of authors from Rudyard Kipling to Santha Rama Rau, as well as contemporary documents.

CURZON IN INDIA: Vol. I, Achievement. By David Dilks. Taplinger Publishing Co., New York. January 1970. \$10.00.

British historian David Dilks has projected a two-volume biography of the 19th century Viceroy of India, George Nathaniel Curzon. This volume takes him to the zenith of his career during which he became a controversial figure, often at odds with the Army, the India Office, the Cabinet and the Queen. The author's focus is political rather than social, cultural or biographical. Volume II, “Frustration,” is due later in 1970.

Be Sure to Notify Roundup

When You Change Your Address.



SACRED COWS feeding on the street in downtown Karachi in 1945. Photo by Henry A. Piorkowski.

Brazil Anniversary

● Please extend my warm wishes to those CBIers who were fortunate to sail to India in March 1942 with the original task force, on the USAT Brazil. This is our 28th anniversary, and the memories are very live and warm.

BILLY TODD LAMBERT,
Alexandria, Va.

Merrill's Marauders

● While in CBI I belonged to the 5307 Infantry or Merrill's Marauders.

CHARLES DeGAVAGE,
Plymouth, Pa.

835th Signal

● Send the usual Christmas cards to a dozen or so of the old gang from Company C of the 835th Signal Battalion, but would love to hear from others. Uncle must have liked us as our outfit was given the Presidential Citation; we had some swell guys in this company. The guys always called me "Sigh" and very few probably would know me by Ken or Siebert.

K. L. SIEBERT,
Savannah, Ga.

288th Port Company

● Plans are being made for a reunion of the 288th Port Company at Cincinnati, Ohio. This was one of eight companies stationed at Camp Tolleygunge in

southern Calcutta, India, and worked unloading operations at King George Docks. Contacts are to be made to Kenneth R. Gillette, County Road, Becket, Mass. 01223.

STANLEY R. RATAJCZAK,
Buffalo, N.Y.

Back in India

● Have been 18 days in the Punjab and returning to Delhi, found my Ex-CBI Roundup, December issue. We have much to learn about this wonderful country.

INEZ D. BOREN,
New Delhi, India

288 Port Company

● Was a corporal in the 288 Port Company, 508 Port Battalion, APO 465. Would like to hear from any of the men I served with.

FREDERICK R. SNYDER,
116 N. Goodrich St.,
Newcomerstown, Ohio

S. Guy Forbes

● Sherman Guy Forbes, 57, of Kennewick, Wash., was killed December 22, 1969, in a traffic accident. A World War II veteran, he was a member of the CBI Veterans Association and with his wife attended the 1969 reunion of the organization at Vail, Colo. Born at Schenectady, N.Y., he was a 1935 graduate of Cornell University with a degree in electrical engineering, and received his master of science degree in engineering from the University of Washington in 1964. He was employed for many years by General Electric, and more recently had been a plant engineer for Sandvik Special Metals Corp., Kennewick. Survivors include his wife, Kay, Kennewick; a son, a daughter, a stepdaughter and a brother.

(From a news item in the Kennewick Tri-City Herald.)



AIR TERMINAL building at Karachi Air Base, "Western Air Gateway to CBI." Photo by Henry A. Piorkowski.



PHARMACY of the 172nd General Hospital at Kunming, China. Photo by Furman H. Tyner, M.D.

236th Engineers

● Am a member of the former 236th Engineers Combat Battalion, B Company. We have our annual reunion in Nashville, Tenn., at Shelby Park, the second Sunday in July.

C. M. HOVIS,
Alexis, N.C.

11th Bomb Squadron

● During my tour in the CBI (May 1942 to January 1945) I was "Roundup" correspondent for my outfit, the 11th Bomb Squadron. (M).

JOHN E. CHAPMAN,
Sioux Falls, S.D.

Franklin L. Orth

● Franklin Lewis Orth, 62, president of the U.S. Olympic Committee and executive vice president of the National Rifle Association and the Eisenhower administration's deputy assistant secretary of the Army, died January 4, 1970, in Bethesda, Md. He had been the top NRA administrator since 1959, and previously had served in a variety of positions for the federal government for 18 years. A native of Milwaukee, Orth was graduated from the University of Wisconsin, where he was captain of

the varsity crew. He practiced law in Milwaukee from 1931 to 1941, when he was called to active duty as an infantry captain. Two years later he volunteered to serve with Merrill's Marauders, was a battalion commander in Burma and later commanded a regimental combat team in the jungle. He left the Army in 1946 as a colonel. Survivors include his wife, five daughters and two sons.

(From newspaper clippings submitted by several Roundup readers.)



BULLOCK CARTS in northern India in 1943. Photo by Leslie F. Kipp.

Catherine M. Conley

● Catherine M. Conley, a registered nurse, died January 14, 1970, at her home in Drexel Hill, Pa. She was 58. Miss Conley was a private duty nurse, serving at Jefferson, Hahnemann and the University of Pennsylvania Hospital. She was a graduate of the Misericordia Hospital School of Nursing and a veteran of World War II. She served in the China-Burma-India theater.

(From an item in the Philadelphia Bulletin, sent in by Robert D. Thomas, Philadelphia, Pa.)

Names of CBIers

● In order to tell more eligible people about the China-Burma-India Veterans Association, I am compiling a mailing list of CBI veterans. It would be very much appreciated, therefore, if you would take time to write down the names and addresses of CBIers you know, and send them to me at 1021 Edison Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19116.

ROBERT D. THOMAS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Served at Jorhat

● Was with the 1330th at Jorhat, India, 1943-45; flight engineer on the Hump run.

PHILIP B. MIUCCIO,
Syracuse, N.Y.



Commander's Message

by

Raymond W. Kirkpatrick

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams:

To promote a feeling of fellowship by renewing old acquaintanceships and making new friends among those that have a common bond. To preserve the recollections, comradeships and experiences of Americans who have served in the Orient. Those lines from our articles of incorporation were so well chosen for they are one key to the success of the CBIVA. Today more and more people in our age bracket are turning to our type of organization for a few hours of pleasure and a little relief from the turbulent world that surrounds us. See what is happening within some of our bashas.

At the recent dinner and installation of the Gen. Geo. W. Sliney Basha many who have been missing for several years attended and brought prospective members with them. Attendance is up 30%. Dallas Basha installation night brought out a record crowd attracting visitors as Past Commanders George Marquardt and Harriet, Douglas Runk and Kitty, Louis Gwin, Texas State Commander R. C. Jones and Bea along with our National Historian Pat Edwards. There is action in Dallas.

Guided by John Carlson, things are really alive in the Chicago Basha. There is no sleeping up Milwaukee way either. Yes, things are moving right along in many bashas.

We have received a most attractive news letter put out by old CBI friends Clarence Gordon and "Doc" Dante Barcella. It was mailed out to 132 prospective members in the Denver area invited to

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.—Ed.

attend a meeting to form a basha in Colorado. To other Ex-CBI "Hands" interested contact Clarence Gordon, 345 Kendall St., Denver, Colo. 80226 or Dante Barcella, 1430 Kendall Drive, Boulder, Colo. 80303. We owe Clarence and "Doc" a vote of thanks for their efforts to date.

The Delaware Valley Basha's "Rice Paddy Press" January issue has an interesting item, quote: "We have learned from a reliable source that Bob Thomas does not (repeat, does not) wear his CBI cap in the shower". Bob devotes so many hours to CBIVA activities that the cap is literally on from dawn to midnight 365 days each year. He has compiled a list of prospective members alphabetized by state and name that now passed the 500 mark. Howard Clager's membership committee will have plenty of material to work on during the rest of our term in office.

Philadelphia added three new members at their last meeting and three more coming up. Thanks "Philly".

Baseball filberts will be interested in this. Recently a most unusual story appeared on the sport page of the San Francisco Chronicle regarding a trip made by Gaylord Perry of the Giants to visit military hospitals in the Far East. Only those like yourselves that have served in such far off lands can appreciate what great morale boosters those U.S.O. tours can be to the men and women serving there. I thanked Gaylord Perry on behalf of the CBI veterans and his written reply is most gratifying.

Our liaison man, Digger Runk, is returning to Tulsa for another meeting with the Tulsa Reunion Committee and will file a report on the 1970 reunion plans progress. Mary and I are planning a ten day trip through the Texas, Louisiana areas to plug the reunion just prior to the spring board meeting Saturday, May 2, 1970, to be held in the Mayo Hotel, Tulsa, Okla. We will be glad to see any Ex-CBI "Hands" along the way.

The late Robert E. Ripley wrote in the preface of one of his "Believe It or Not Books" that in his travels he found those Asian lands to be the greatest source of story material in all the world. That was before you arrived on the scene.

After you departed he became particularly fascinated by the miracles and wonders of the CBI theater itself and then believed if he had the time and the staff to do the job he could have gathered at least a million "Believe It or Nots" in those CBI lands. It is also true. Just spend a few hours with us in a reunion hospitality room and you will leave convinced that Ripley knew what he was talking about. No foolin'.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



RED CROSS building of the 172nd General Hospital at Kunming, China. Photo by Furman H. Tyner, M.D.

Msgr. W. F. Mullally

● Funeral mass for the Rt. Rev. Msgr. William F. Mullally, 81, a priest of the Archdiocese in St. Louis since 1914, was conducted recently at the Church of Mary Magdalene in St. Louis where he was pastor emeritus. Msgr. Mullally died January 29 in St. Mary's Hospital, Richmond Heights. A chaplain during World War I, Msgr. Mullally was recalled to service prior to Pearl Harbor and served overseas in the China-Burma-India theater with the 10th Air Force. During the war he attained the rank of colonel and was awarded the Bronze Star; in 1958 he was awarded the Air Force Association Medal of Merit. Father Mullally was a charter member of the St. Louis Basha of the CBI Veterans Association. He was national chaplain of the CBIVA in 1955-56.

HAROLD H. KRETCHMAR, Maplewood, Mo.

Five-Day Trip

● Came to India on the Admiral Benson, landed at Bombay and then took the famous five-day trip across India by rail to Kanchrapara. I was attached to the Tenth Weather Squadron and served at Karaghpur, Kalaikunda and Dudkhundi; coming home early in 1946 on the Marine Ro-

bin. I would be happy to hear from any old associates with whom I served.

JOSEPH M. OVERFIELD,
21 Pinewoods Ave.,
Tonawanda, N.Y.

Served with 72nd

● The article in the January '70 issue brought back fond memories of "No Mommie, No Poppie" and of "Hobbie." I was with the 72nd Air Service Squadron in India and Burma. I am still in contact with former buddies Jack Mishlove, David Hatch and R. T. Peacock Jr. Sorry, but I have no information on the fate or whereabouts of Hobbie.

A. J. BEGUHN,
Eau Claire, Wisc.

Earl A. Trager Jr.

● Retired Marine Lt. Col. Earl A. Trager Jr., a pilot with Air America in the Far East, died December 7, 1969, in Soc Trang, Vietnam, after an apparent heart attack suffered while he was on a flying mission out of Saigon. He was about 46. Colonel Trager attended high school in Washington, D.C., and received degrees from Ohio State University and George Washington University. He served in the Pacific Theater during World War II and was in one of the last groups to leave China when the Communists took over. During the Korean War he was executive officer of a Marine attack squadron. He also served in Vietnam and Thailand before retiring in 1966 when he joined Air America. Survivors include his wife and three children.

(From a Washington Evening Star item submitted by Billy Todd Lambert, Alexandria, Va.)

51st Service Group

● Served in CBI Dec. 1, 1942, to June 1945—51st Service Group—Karachi, Hazelbank, Dinjan, Mohanbari, Kunming.

CARL MOOSBERG,
Marianna, Ark.



SOLDIERS relax on hill trail near Ranikhet U.S. Army rest camp in India in 1943. Sign says, "Bullock carts not allowed on this road." Photo by Leslie F. Kipp.

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